

THE KING'S \$10,000 COOK.

A FRENCHMAN AND OF COURSE AN ARTIST.

"A Perfect Treasure," the King Calls Him—The Kitchen of a Palace.

All the world and his wife are free to look upon King Edward's coronation pageant in June. The public performers, however, will not be the whole show. Inside the palace gates distinguished artists will have to make the effort of their lives. Their names will not appear on the programme, and for that reason their achievements may pass unrecognized unless mentioned now. Among them are the King's cook and his wine taster.

It was a decree promulgated by King Edward when he ascended the throne that Mr. Menager was not to be interfered with. Mr. Menager draws an annual salary of \$10,000 a year—about the same as a Lieutenant-General in the British Army or an Admiral of the Fleet. It is the same as the official income of two members of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet and it exceeds that of the Keeper of the British Museum and of sundry Bishops.

Mr. Menager's position is much firmer than the Ministry's. The King has referred to him again and again as a "perfect treasure," and frequently proffers him a cigar from the royal pocket case. Mr. Menager's career goes to substantiate the saying that great cooks are born, not made. He is not more than 40 now, and the compliment of being asked to become chef to the Prince of Wales was paid him more than five years ago. He is a Frenchman, probably of the south, tall and comely with a black beard trimmed on the

MODEL OF HIS MASTER'S.

It was from the kitchen of the Reform Club, the best club for dining in London, that he moved westward a few hundred yards to Marlborough house. The Reform Club kitchen has been for long the studio of great artists. Its Tory neighbor, the Carlton, plodded along with the old plain dishes and let the cookery contest go by default, only shaking its head and muttering, "Those Whigs always had French leanings."

Before the Prince of Wales's friends started the Marlborough Club at his own door he dined often with the Marquis of Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, and Sir Henry James at the Reform Club. There he learned for the first time to admire the man who devised his dinners.

When Mr. Menager was asked to come up higher he took his methods with him. For one thing he will have all the simpler work done by kitchen maids. No male hands in the junior kitchen for him. He says with conviction that he does not believe that feminine nature can rise to the greatest heights in his art any more than in painting, poetry or music. Yet, in his rare moments of comparative humility he will half admit that his women assistants contrive great works for which he, as chef, gets credit, and he knows other renowned kitchens in London. Sir Edward Lawson's and Julius Wernher's, which have frequently served dinners to his royal master and are controlled absolutely by women cooks. His own male assistant confines himself to pastry, omelettes and rolls. Other matters he intrusts to feminine hands. He does not sleep under the King's roof, but has his private residence in a street not very far away. Breakfasts are not his affairs on ordinary days; they are the task of his assistant. It is not looked for that any artist can produce three masterpieces in one day, especially when the greatest, the dinner, has to come last. Thus, Mr. Menager need not quit his own roof tree till after 11 o'clock. Then he steps into a handsome and drives to Marlborough House. His kitchen is big and bright and has all the windows on the ground floor facing the lawn. The carte for luncheon is brought to him and

HIS WORK BEGINS.

The King never draws up the list of dishes for his own meals. That is done by Lord Farquhar, the Master of the Household, or Lord Valentia, the Comptroller; but of course it is always varied enough to include anything the King wants, for it is a chief qualification of these functionaries to know his tastes.

Mr. Menager selects everything that he needs. The master of the kitchen Mr. Blackwood, a much more prosaic personage, a mere man of figures, sees that all the articles come in and that the items on the tradesmen's accounts correspond. When he has verified them they are taken to Sir Nigel Kingscote, the Paymaster, who writes out checks for payment. Leaving these persons to their counting-house work, Mr. Menager sallies forth from Marlborough House smoking a big cigar and walks up St. James's street. His destination is the Chef's Club in Shaftesbury avenue, where he will play a game of billiards. Then he will drop in at the Cafe Royal and afterward have a friendly chat with one or other of his restaurateur compatriots near Piccadilly Circus. At six o'clock he returns to Marlborough House to prepare the King's dinner. He is frankly proud of his early creations and will often include cutlets à la Reform or other dishes named after the great Whig resort in the King's men's. Timorous cooks might hesi-

tate to thrust the word "reform" under the eyes of a King when he was dining, but Mr. Menager and his master understand each other.

His is a far harder task than was his pensioned predecessor's in Queen Victoria's days. For weeks at a time, the Queen's meals in the last reign would all be served on a single tray in a corner of one of her private apartments with only one of her daughters and two ladies-in-waiting for company. But now King Edward, when he is at Windsor, orders the banqueting table to be set every night. The main table seats about thirty, and for that company Mr. Menager must be prepared. Everything is carved in the kitchen and built up again on serving dishes. The King insists that the food shall all be served like entrees, the separate portions ready cut for each diner. Only at Christmas time, when the baron of beef and the boar's head are on the list, is any carving done on the great sideboard. Before the King touches a dish a senior member of the household tastes it and

PUTS IT BEFORE HIM.

No waiter touches the plate after this tasting performance.

But these things are outside Mr. Menager's province. By that time he is mixing in the outer world among his friends. He knows nothing about politics, but he is always very glad to know a good thing about horses. It is his great relaxation to sport, and his master sometimes lets him know a good thing. Then he puts his money on with a will.

Tradesmen holding the royal warrant furnish all the meat and household supplies. They are understood to complain that though the volume of business is much bigger in the new reign the royal purse-strings are more tightly held.

The King's wine-taster, Mr. Payne, is scarcely so close to the throne as Mr. Menager, the cook. Mr. Menager rose to his present height through sheer genius, while Mr. Payne belongs to the hereditary branch of the British Constitution, for he succeeded his father.

Physically, he is a great man, and he treats his office with becoming gravity. Twice a week—it will be oftener when coronation time comes—he walks into St. James's palace, produces his bunch of keys and descends through a trapdoor into the cellar accompanied by a servitor holding a lantern.

The cellar is a subterranean passage extending to Buckingham palace, passing under the Mall, the traffic of London going unheard above. Locked side doors show where particular bins lie and the thousands of bottles stacked along the walls are scarcely distinguishable from the old gray sides of the passage. What is now a long, narrow wine cellar, stretching from palace to palace had romantic and other uses in the days of the Stuarts, and even, they say, much later.

Mr. Payne has the list of wine he is to take out. Each kind he tastes. Like the professional at his craft, he does not swallow. He will tell you that a man who swallows cannot taste. He just takes a little in his mouth and puts it out.

So many dozen are taken up in a crate and handed to Sir Nigel Kingscote, Paymaster of the Household, who issues the wine to the King's table when it is used. Then Mr. Payne returns to his cellar for more. There are no rivalries between Mr. Payne and Mr. Menager, although the wine cellar has, by the King's preference, scored one rather notable victory over the kitchen. The King never takes coffee for breakfast—always champagne, a small bottle.

JOHANNESBURG REVIVING

Hotels Are Crowded and Gold Mining Resuming.

A letter received from Johannesburg says that a large number of residents are returning every week, everybody is too busy to think about war, and all are sanguine that in six months from the present time the mining industry will be on as large a scale as it was when the mines were closed over two years ago. The town was never so busy as it is to-day.

If these sanguine expectations are realized 6,000 stamps will be at work before the end of the year and if they turn out gold as fast as before the war they will be producing at the rate of \$80,000,000 a year.

The people in the Rand, however, feel perfectly certain that there is to be an enormous increase in the industry. They say there is not a particle of doubt from what is known of the mineral resources and the present plans for development that within five years there will be 17,000 stamps in operation. This would be nearly three times as many stamps as have ever been worked on the Rand.

This estimate of future growth may be extravagant, but it shows at least the confidence of the people in the future of the Rand whose fallen fortunes they are now working with the utmost energy to restore.

REMARKABLE FEAT.

From Paris is reported a remarkable feat by five lieutenants of the 12th Hussar Regiment. Starting at three in the morning, they rode seventy-two miles in thirteen hours, dismounted, walked a distance of twenty-four miles, dined, and then walked back the twenty-four miles, and rode again the seventy-two miles on the return journey, arriving at three o'clock the next afternoon.

EXAMINING ITS \$5 NOTES.

SOME RECENT BANK OF ENGLAND FORGERIES.

The Penalty Formerly Was Death—Some Big Frauds—Note Splitting.

A writer in the St. James's Gazette, referring to the recent arrests in connection with the forgery of five-pound Bank of England notes, says:

"The Bank of England is examining its five-pound notes with a closer eye than ever just now, and those on whom the responsibility of identification rests will be thankful, no doubt, that they have not to deal with the notes of a hundred years ago. Bank notes were not always so difficult to forge as they are to-day.

"The first forger must have found his work tolerably easy. But he paid for it with his life. It was a century and a half ago, and in those days the man who forged a bank note, like the man who stole a sheep, paid for his crime on the gallows.

"Every fortnight in 1818—on an average—there was an execution in England for forgeries of bank notes, and in 1820 more than a hundred forgers were convicted. Nearly ninety years ago the Bank was the victim of a more amazing crime than the famous Bidwell forgeries, one of the chief cashiers defrauding it of £320,000.

"Twenty years later, the forgeries of a banker resulted in an even greater loss. The forging banker was a Mr. Fauntleroy of Berners street, and his crimes seem to have begun with his forging powers of attorney to keep up the credit of his bank. In that way he was able to sell from the funds large sums of money belonging to other people, and thus for years he

FLOURISHED AND GREW RICH.

"Then the banker's sin found him out, and at the banking house was found a confession written eight years before, with a postscript which said: 'The bank began first to discount our acceptances and to destroy the credit of our house; the bank shall smart for it.' Smart for it the Bank did; the forgeries ran into £320,000.

"The sum at stake was greater, but the Fauntleroy forgeries were prosaic and uninteresting compared with the way in which the Bidwell brothers set the financial world ablaze thirty years ago. Everybody knows how the plot to rob the bank, hatched in the throne-room of a royal castle as the brothers passed through to see its glories, developed and succeeded.

"The rich American and his imaginary fortune, the introduction to the bank by an admiring and expectant city tailor, the clever manipulating of the £3,000 which deceived the Bank authorities, and, at length, the forging of half the great names of the city, are all familiar incidents in the greatest bank drama of our time. It was one of those great crimes which are revealed by a slip at the eleventh hour—at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour.

"The Bidwells and the accomplice sat in a little room sharing up the stolen fortune—£100,000—and tearing up the evidences of their guilt. One of the last bills left pleased the forgers so much that it was decided not to burn it, and in a few days the last of the forgeries found its way to the bank. It was the one bill the only bill among hundreds, which the forgers had

FORGOTTEN TO DATE.

"Such a crime as this could hardly have created a greater scare in Threadneedle street, however, than the announcement a few years ago that somebody had succeeded in accomplishing a very simple scientific feat. It became known that a banknote had been split in two, and the authorities were aghast lest the world should be flooded with duplicate notes.

"The splitting of the note had undoubtedly been accomplished quite honestly and without any evil intent, and the man who split it was frank enough to let the Bank know that he had done so. A long correspondence passed between the Bank and the man with the secret and at last a test was decided upon, a Bank of England note being sent to the inventor for experimenting upon. The Bank received it back in two pieces, the one a facsimile of the other!

"The authorities were puzzled, and for a moment the scare seemed to have become more real. But only for a moment. Closer examination brought back confidence. The test had shown the possibility of splitting the note, but it proved, too, the impossibility of passing the second half, the printing on which was too faint to pass.

"Had the mysterious inventor been able to overcome this difficulty his secret would have been worth an almost fabulous sum, and the Bank of England would no doubt have bought it from him. But there was no way of splitting a note and retaining the clearness of the impression throughout, and

HERE THE INVENTOR FAILED. It transpired that his method was to glue a piece of calico on each side of the note, leaving the ends loose. When the glue was dry the pieces of calico were pulled gently apart, with the result that the adhesion of the paper to the cloth being greater than the adhesion of the paper itself, the two sides of the note adhered to the cloth. On being damped the paper and the calico were again separated,

and there were two bank notes where only one had been before.

"The Bank of England can hardly be accused of running any unnecessary risk, and such incidents as the splitting of the notes, and the forgeries, have made the authorities more than ever careful. It is strange to think of a bonfire of banknotes in the heart of London, but such a sight was regularly witnessed until a few years ago, when the Bank of England destroyed all returned notes by fire.

"Now they disappear in another way. Placed in long cylinders, the notes, when their life is over, are converted into pulp by acids. What to-day stands for a golden harvest is to-morrow a heap of waste, and the magic little bit of paper, its life of glory over, becomes a piece of common cardboard, or something to strengthen the backs of ledgers."

REPAIRS BY A BLIND MAN.

Puts Farming Implements and Watches in Order.

There is in the Clay county, Ind., infirmary as a pauper, a blind man, who is as much of a prodigy as "Blind Tom," the musician, or any of the mathematical lightning calculator freaks who have from time to time been exhibited over the country. "Gus," as he is called by his fellow-inmates and the keepers of the institution, is a rare mechanical genius and manifests as much ambition to excel in his work as though all the avenues of competitive industry were open to his hand and application. He maintains a general repair shop on the premises, which he built himself, which is provided with a variety of tools and appliances, all of which are kept in excellent order and every piece in its proper place.

When any of the farming implements on the place become impaired, garden tools or domestic utilities, including watches and clocks, broken or out of order, they are taken to the shop, where "Gus" feels them over, and quickly discovers what is wrong and what is wanting, then proceeds to make the repairs. Should it be an unusual break, for which he does not have the necessary tools, the work is laid aside until he provides with his own hands and skill the appliances required.

Two years ago the superintendent of the institution desired to put a new picket fence around the large front yard, and "Gus" was given charge of the job, with authority to summon other paupers to his assistance. But when he proposed to run the lines and locate the different sections of the fence, "Gus" told the superintendent that he would do that himself; that he was ambitious to do the whole job from "cellar to attic," and he did. Having prepared the pickets, which were all cut true to his model, he proceeded to run the lines, which he did as accurately as would a man with two good eyes. He then planted the posts, put on the railing and drove every picket to its place.

"Gus" also hunts rabbits and goes fishing, unaccompanied. He fishes with hooks which he baits and from which he disengages the "finnies," just as any other expert Izaak Walton might do. But when he hunts rabbits he takes with him (not a gun) a dog and an ax, and when his dog trees a "cotton-tail," "Gus" is sure of his meat.

"Gus" was not always blind, having been deprived of his sight a good many years ago by an explosion while at work in the mines.

BREAD MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

A self-moving flour mill and bakery to follow regiments on a march, and to make fresh bread every hour with flour ground from wheat obtained by requisition upon the spot, has recently been designed on the Continent. This vehicle is formed of two parts, after the manner of artillery carriages. The first comprises the motor or as well as a battery of mills with their bolters, and alongside of them the mechanical kneading troughs. All this apparatus is actuated by the motor that is employed to propel the vehicle. A continuous oven is hauled in the rear.

A COURSE OF SPROUTS.

Education and Discipline of the German Princes.

A correspondent of an English paper writing of a meeting with the German crown prince, describes him as a rather good-looking young man with the fresh, high color and the ready blush of a country boy. He was surprised to find him exceedingly simple and retiring, in spite of the rumor that he inherited his father's appreciation of the might of the Hohenzollerns. The prince is a young man of fine physique, the fruit of having had little pampering from his youth until now.

His father even improved on the simple military education and discipline under which all the Hohenzollern princes have been brought up. It is only a few years ago that the crown prince could have been seen trudging behind a plough, or milking, or cleaning out the hen-coop on the farm that has been established for the young princes. His brothers, August William and Oscar, are going through the same course now.

The farm where Prince Frederick William was trained is Plon, in Holstein, the home of the Empress. The cadet school is there, where the cadets are prepared for the more advanced classes of the upper cadet academy of Gross-Lichterfelde. The royal pupils have a residence in the royal park. Near it is a large lake, and on a peninsula of twenty-eight acres is a leased farm, where, with six companions, they seriously undertake agricultural labor.

The farmhouse on the place is a typical old-fashioned peasant's abode and it has not been altered in the slightest degree. A great chestnut tree shades the entrance, which lead directly into a primitive, whitewashed room, furnished exactly like any peasant's room, with a woven mat, a red-painted table, and a closet that contains heavy earthenware plates and coarse dishes.

Adjoining this room is a small kitchen where the princes often do their own cooking, for they have no servants. While living there they must do everything for themselves. The produce of the farm is sent to the imperial household in Berlin or Potsdam, and the Emperor examines it both in respect to quality and quantity.

The season's crop last year was sent to Berlin. It had been planted, weeded, grubbed out and barreled by the two princes and their companions, with no aid from adults, and the yield was excellent. The Emperor pays his sons the market price for their produce, and in addition to raising the crops, they must keep exact accounts, showing just how their farming operations stand, and what are the profits each year.

The princes had a bad time with their vegetables last year, for the drought killed nearly everything. But the orchard did well, and they balanced their loss in vegetables by unusual success with chickens. Prince August William invested in prize white American Wyandottes, and they proved to be phenomenal layers. Besides the chickens, there is a colony of white Pekin ducks that have a beautiful little house built for them near the pond.

A REMARKABLE COW.

A British journal announces the death of one of the most remarkable cows that ever figured in public milk tests. This was a short-horn Guernsey cross-bred animal. She was in her ninth year at the time of her death. Some idea of her great ability as a milker may be gathered from the fact that during the 10½ months prior to her death she had produced at the rate of over 1,500 gallons of milk per annum. On the day before her death she gave 66 pounds of milk.

The first man in the business profession has to be careful what he says and how he says it if he would have the greatest lead over his competitors, or if he wants to feel sure that he is safe from the interference of others in claiming the lead.



FIND THE CALF THAT JOHN IS TRYING TO CATCH.